

Life

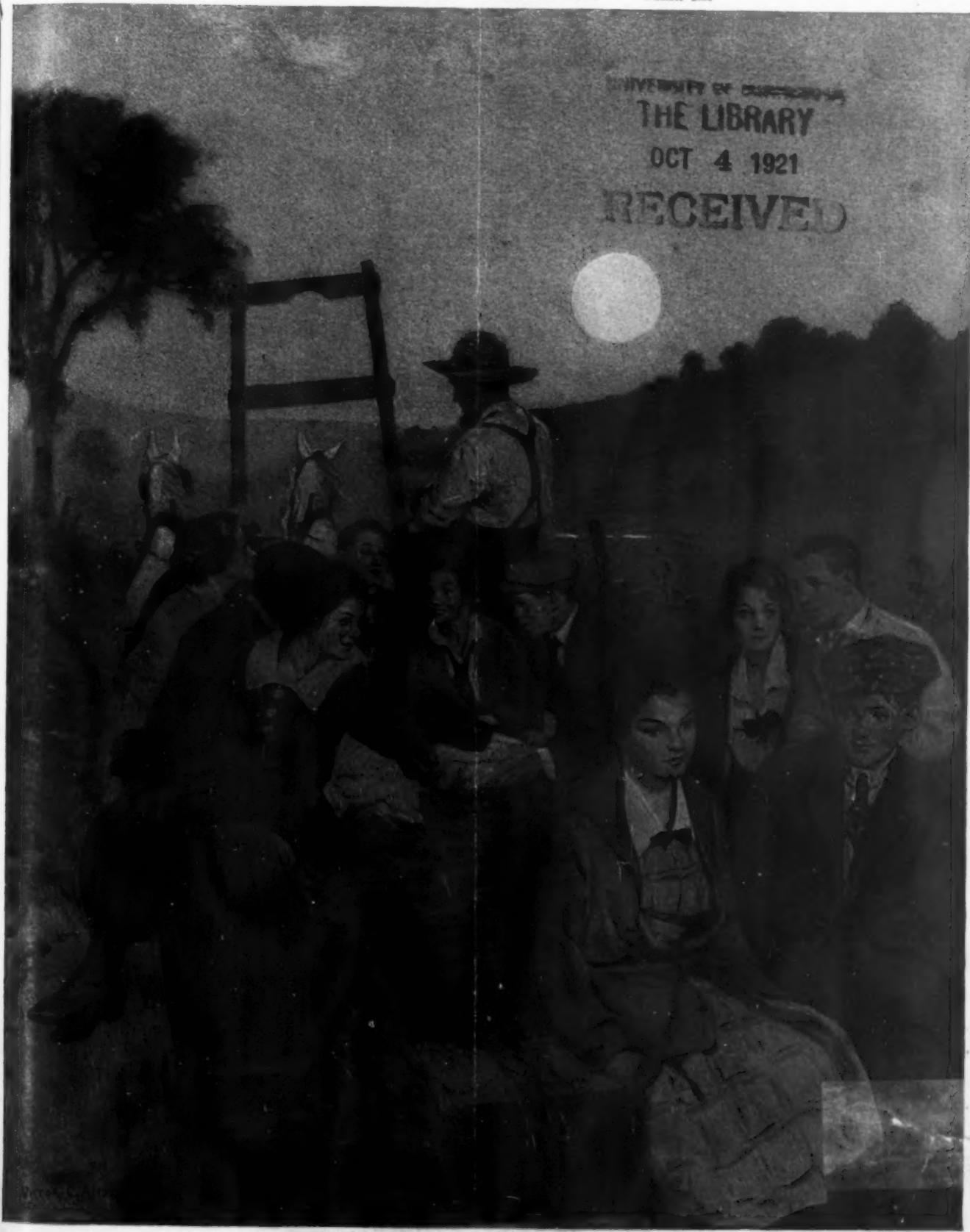
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The Hay Ride

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COLUMBUS, DREAMING OVER HIS PLANS OF EXPLORATION, NEVER DOUBTED THAT HE WAS TO OPEN A MIGHTY DRAMA, THE SPLENDID CLIMAX OF WHICH IS—OUR GREAT AMERICA.

THE FOUNDER OF THE PRUDENTIAL, ANOTHER DISCOVERER, FULLY REALIZED HOW GREAT WOULD BECOME HIS OWN IDEA—INDUSTRIAL LIFE INSURANCE.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America
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HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

IF EVERY WOMAN KNEW WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS—EVERY MAN

In "the Pink of Perfection"

WHEN an athlete wants to win, the first thing he always does is to train off every ounce of unnecessary weight—because that weight holds him back, makes him slow and awkward.

Freed from that drag of unnecessary weight, he begins at once to show greater speed and more endurance. His muscles and his nerves (the same muscles and nerves that he had before) display new power, and he reaches "the pink of perfection."

Excess Weight is Wasteful

THE same law that governs athletes also governs motor cars. Every ounce of unnecessary weight holds a car back—gives the engine wasteful work to do.

Get rid of unnecessary weight and your engine works more effectively, you get away faster and sustain higher speed, and your car handles more easily. In a dozen ways you have a better car.

*Not mere
Light
Weight*

EVERYBODY knows that excess weight costs money to buy, slows down speed and eats up gasoline and tires. And that's bad. Too often "high-grade" has meant "wasteful." That's a mistake that Templar engineers have surely cured, and in curing it they have put Templar in the winning athlete's "pink of perfection."

But note this point carefully. This does not mean that mere light weight means motor-car success. It may mean weakness, breakdowns, repair-bills, constant bother. An underfed, under-weight person is never an athlete.

*Wonderful
Easy
Riding*

THE real point is this. Originally all motor cars were overweight and clumsy. The automobile was then a pieced-together thing. To-day it is built as a unit. Yet even now many cars continue heavy "because weight makes easy riding."

Easy riding? Well, for the best proof, try Templar. Try it on rough and bumpy roads, where every heavy car must travel slow to avoid jolts and damage. Templar keeps on going, full speed ahead. It's great fun—and a great surprise if you're not already a Templar booster.

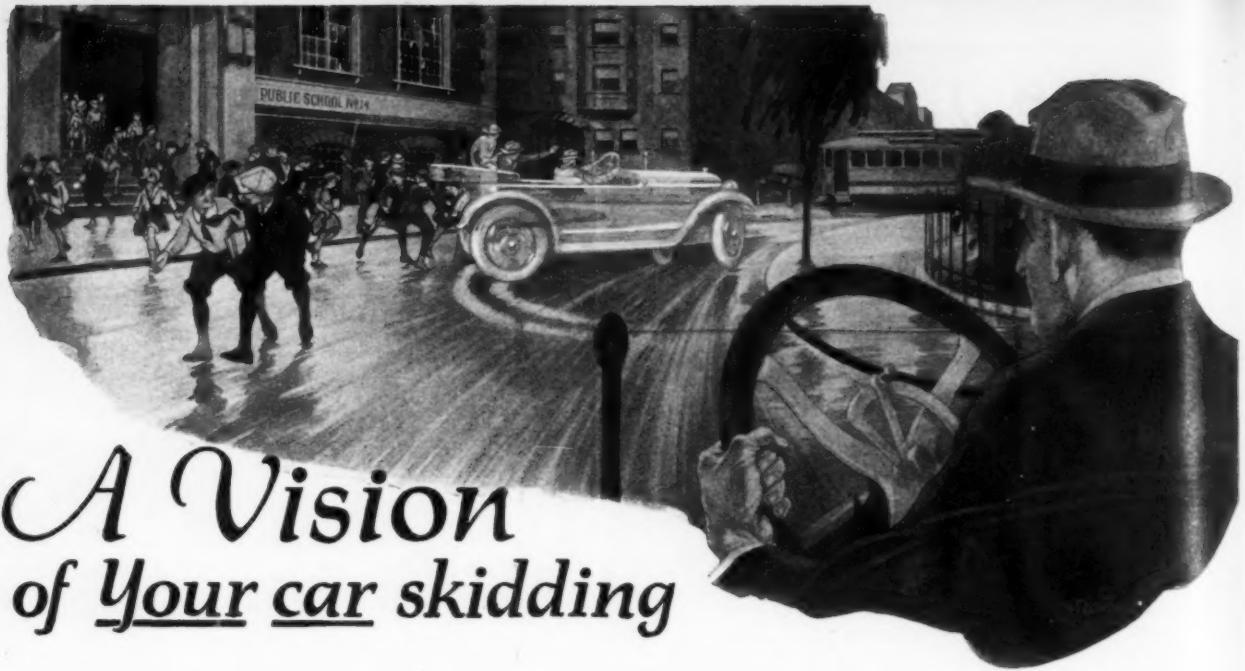
*To-day's
Great
Car*

AND that's but part of Templar's superfine merit. Not a was or a will-be car, but a sterling car this minute. Abundant speed, rapid getaway, ideal to handle even in thick city traffic—118-inch wheel base, turns around in 38 feet. Stands rough usage like a mustang. Splendid in equipment. Made to please owners accustomed to the utmost.

Costs \$1985—closed models \$2785.

Let's get acquainted. We shall be glad to send the name of the Templar dealer nearest you.

The Templar Motors Company, 2200 Halstead Street, Cleveland.



A Vision of Your car skidding

You have neglected to put on Weed Tire Chains. You anxiously view the slippery turn ahead and have *a mental picture of your car skidding into the school children*. Stop nursing anxiety and coaxing calamity. For Safety's sake—for your own peace of mind fully equip your car today with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

THE ONLY *REAL* SAFEGUARD AGAINST SKIDDING

Safety demands that all tires be equipped with Weed Chains. It doesn't require the gift of second sight to see why this is true. *Rubber slips—never grips*. Rubber will agree to anything the road has to offer. It is the weaker element. It slides on wet pavements like a cake of soap rubbed on the moistened hands. Rubber lacks the bite-and-hang-on ability to prevent skidding.

Weed Tire Chains are diamond hard—many times harder than their opposing element—the pavement or road. Wheels equipped with Weed Tire Chains automatically lay their own traction surface. They grip without grinding—hold without binding. *No matter how muddy or slippery the road*, they hold on like a bull-dog, prevent side-skid and drive-slip.



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THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD



Song for the First of the Month

Dorothy Parker

MONEY cannot fill our needs,
Bags of gold have little worth;
Thoughtful ways and kindly deeds
Make a heaven here on earth.
Riches do not always score,
Loving words are better far.
Just one helpful act is more
Than a gaudy motor car.
Happy thoughts contentment bring
Crabbèd millionaires can't know;
Money doesn't mean a thing,—
Try to tell the butcher so!

None can stretch his life an hour
Though he offer boundless wealth;
Money, spite of all its pow'r,
Cannot purchase ruddy health.
Simple pleasures are the best,
Riches bring but misery,
Homely hearts are happiest,
Joy laughs loud at poverty.
Pity those in Mammon's thrall,
Poor, misguided souls are they.
Money's nothing, after all,—
Make the grocer think that way!

Greatest minds the world has known
All agree that gold is dross.
Man can't live by wealth alone;
Bank books are a total loss.
Banish strife and greed and gloom,
Throw off money's harsh control,
Sow good deeds, and watch them bloom,—
Hyacinths, to feed the soul.
Hoard no pelf, lest moth and rust
Do their work and leave you flat.
Money? It is less than dust,—
Laugh the landlord off with that!



Host: I know we are roughing it, Henry, but domestic caviar—that's going too far.



Sanctum Talks

WELL, LIFE."

"Who's this?"

"Don't you know me?"

"Not the slightest—"

"Why, I'm Governor Len Small of Illinois."

"Oh, you're the governor who has been arrested for alleged taking of State funds when you were Treasurer. Yes, I remember you now. Well, I can't possibly try you to-day—"

"But I want to know the worst about myself."

"Well, Governor, don't you? You've been living with yourself long enough to find that out, haven't you?"

"This is a put-up job and—"

"I haven't said it wasn't."

"Let me explain. I—"

"Look here, Governor Small of Illinois, let me tell you something. You

don't interest me at all. You are not to blame."

"Don't you really think so?"

"No; there are plenty of men just like you. The real guilt lies with the people who elected you; if they wanted

a man like you, why should you come to me now and complain? Nobody would know who you were if they hadn't elected you governor of Illinois; they wanted you and they got you. What are

you making a fuss about?"

"But—"

"Don't get me wrong. I feel as badly as you do. I live in New York. We wanted Hylan, and we got him. We wanted our detectives to shoot up innocent people and then get off scot-free, and the thing was done."

"I want to be vindicated!"

"You won't be; you may be discharged by the court, but you won't be vindicated; they'll probably elect you over again, as they may elect Hylan. Be easy, Governor. *You* are of no consequence. We, the people of New York and Chicago and of all the rest of the big towns, we are the guilty ones—run away, now, and let me forget."

"But—"

"Boy! Tell the next joke to come in!"

T. L. M.



Mrs. Monkey: There she goes pulling that same old stuff again. She'd stop at nothing in order to get the crowd.

My Little Sin

WILL you forget my little sin,
And let me in?

It was a trifling thing, and slight,
And yet it whispers in the night
And makes my soft green days less
bright.

Ah, will you let me in?

A bold, bad, daring fault, and deep,
Breaks not my sleep.
But this—this is a shallow shame,
A petty word, scarce fit for blame,
A little, biting, burning flame,
To sting and leap.

Your eyes may say you do not know
What hurt me so.

But if you open wide the door,
Then I shall enter as before,
And that small sin, my own no more,
Will turn and go.

So won't you fling your closed door
wide
And shut my little sin outside?

Eleanor Baldwin.

Hard Boiled

THE black-haired waitress, very much out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy breakfast customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him.

Then striking a furious pose—
"Watcha want?" she snapped.
"Coupla eggs," growled the customer.
"How ya want 'em?"
"Just like you are."

WIFE: What shall I wear at the ball?

HUSBAND: How about clothes?

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.35 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged \$22,080.01

From the boys at Camp Riverdale, Long Lake, N. Y. 71.68

The proceeds derived from a children's entertainment given by Elizabeth Willets, Ruth Foster, Marie Foster, Lois Straight 16.16

"In memory of O. H. W." Bismarck, N. D. 5.00

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Macy, Avon, N. Y. 5.00

In memory of Dexter Noe Green, Detroit, Mich. 25.00

The Children at Biddeford Pool, Maine 11.19

John J. Pickman, Lowell, Mass. 3.00

"Cottage Services," Canandaigua Lake, N. Y. 45.00

R. W. Campbell, Augusta, Ga. 1.00

Elena R. Doty, So. Sandisfield, Mass. 5.00

\$22,268.04



A. B. FROST

He Made Some Hootch and Tried It on the Dog

A Chance for the Post Office

OUR Post Office Department is overlooking an opportunity to make its name ring down the Mail Chutes of Time.

It is a matter of psychological moments.

Take the case of a love letter. Bob sits down at ten o'clock of a clear, balmy evening to write to Virginia, his Girl of Girls. He has had a good dinner and a cigar. Since that he has read a good love story. At his elbow there is a tall, perspiring glass entirely filled with one complete gin rickey. He is at peace.

He lets up the shade. Through the open window he sees the moon, three-quarters full. He turns his eyes for a moment to her picture in its place of honor on his desk. He gives his head a little satisfied shake and takes a sip of the rickey. . . . He has merely to rest the point of his fountain pen on the paper and it writes. It moves easily, telling the story of his love better than he thought it could be told. His words take on subtlety and fire. His phrases ring. . . .

The next morning Virginia is at her breakfast. It is a dark, rainy day. She has torn a hair-net in putting it on.

Her mirror has been particularly unkind to her. The toast is cold and the egg is a minute short of being properly boiled. Mother has dropped a few pearls of wisdom about Young Women Who Stay Out Till All Hours, and rushed off to the Ladies' Auxiliary Meeting.

The maid comes in and hands Virginia a letter. It is a fat letter from Bob. She opens it and starts to read. . . . She reads on. . . . Sentimental truck! How can a grown man be so silly—writing about the moon and Fritz Kreisler and her Eyes! The same Eyes that looked so dull in the mirror this morning. . . . With growing disgust she reads it through. Finishing, she tears it across. . . .

Ah, Mr. Hays! *Here* is a real chance to distinguish yourself. Quicker postal service—yes. Special Delivery letters specially delivered—by all means! Wireless phones in every house—sure, if you like. . . . But first do something about delivering letters at the Psychological Moment!

Many of us would be willing to pay a good deal extra to have letters we write at midnight delivered at midnight, and letters we write in the morning delivered before noon.

Edward Hope.

Life



Lines

MILLE. LENGLEN refused to play in singles tournaments. Her motto, evidently, is "Doubles or quits."

Just about this time the football coaches are doing some tall hustling to make both ends meet.

Many a homeless rentpayer is doing as well as could be ejected.

Oysters are good only in the months containing the letter *r*. The bootlegging business is good only in the months containing the vowels *a, e, i, o, u* and sometimes *y*.

During the war, 62,000 French wells were damaged or destroyed.

And, incidentally, one English Wells got off scot-free.

Real Estate Item—For sale, charming cellar with house attached.

There are rumors along Broadway that the return of the long skirt will ring down the curtain on the best show in town.

Knees (see latest fashions) are gone but not forgotten.

The return of the long skirt at least simplifies the problem of looking the whole world in the face.

"Well, it's all up with me," remarked the umbrella as the rain began to fall.

It is really a wonder there aren't more dead letters, the way the mail trucks speed through the streets.

The sting of a bee is only a thirty-second of an inch in length. Another example of a little going a long way.

Nowadays, who steals my purse has got to hustle to get there ahead of the landlord and the tax collector.

It is hard to look at a double chin and believe that beauty is only skin deep.

There is a rumor current that wines and beer are coming back.

The return of the prodigal bun.

If a musical show takes off enough clothes in the summer it usually runs through the winter.

All the world's a stage and the Congressmen are the stock actors.

Thieves get \$21,500 loot on Long Island.—*Headline*. They must have got it from a Long Island roadhouse.

Labor is going to find out where the banks get all their money. Maybe the walking delegates deposit their salaries in the banks.

"Sunday comic supplements build up circulation"—*Arthur Brisbane*. But they don't make us laugh and grow fat.

When Brother Smuts settles the Irish question, maybe he will come over here and tell us what to do with Hylan.

Said the hostess when the refreshment hour arrived, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

The latest society rule is to laugh and chatter when you are dancing; but it all depends who is on your feet.

Miss Alice Robertson, Oklahoma representative, says she sees no woman qualified for a disarming job.

Isn't this statement sufficiently disarming to make Miss Robertson herself eligible?

America's wastefulness is exemplified by the fact that all breakfast foods were once good wheat.

Marshall Field has refused to give employment to girls who bob their hair, use rouge or powder, wear short skirts, or roll their stockings.

They would have saved lots of time by limiting the announcement to the words, "No Girls Wanted."



Local Gossip

THAT rainy Tuesday Bill Tilly met up with Aunt Sally Pickens down at the Main Street Bridge, and gut to tellin' her erbout how goose grease cured his rheumatiz, when he had it, where it ketched him and so on. But he took so long a-braggin' that he begun to stiffen up, account o' the damp, and much as ever he gut home.

He greased an' rubbed but fin'ly had Dr. Butterworth. He tol' him 'twan't the rain done it. Doc sez a microbe bit him. Bill is givin' the bridge a wide berth ever since.

The beauty of bobbed hair is that it can be put back in place before the door to the back parlor is opened.

After all, you can always count on the American girl to bob up serenely.

Ishii is council reporter—*New York World*.

Ishii really?

Melancholia, says a prominent doctor, is often a result of biliousness. Very often the form of biliousness that starts out, "Please remit."



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Uncle Sam's Predicament

"Taxes, unemployment, disarmament: they are all up to me"

The Second Person Singular

Morris Bishop



"PROFESSOR," said I, "don't you find grammar excessively dull?"

"Dull? Dull, grammar? Why, my dear fellow, what are you saying? Grammar is a wonderland, wherein I wander in ecstatic amazement; it is a zoo, thronging with monstrous Forms; they habitually stand on their heads, they reproduce according to none of the laws of Nature. I hear the Active Voice fiercely roaring before the caged and queenly Passive; I see the Obsolete and Archaic rub shoulders with creatures appallingly Irregular and Defective. Why, for instance—"

He took down his Fraser and Squair's French Grammar; it fell open to the Second Person Singular.

"For instance, there's the Second Person Singular. Just reflect for a moment upon the Second Person Singular. It is used, you will recall, in addressing members of one's family, very intimate friends, children, servants, animals, and the Deity. What a charming group! Should I ejaculate: 'Où es-tu?' my wife, my son, my maid-servant, my dog and my God would hearken to me. All others would pass by unheeding. Why, I ask, does the Sybil Grammar bid us use the Second Person Singular in addressing this fantastic medley? Is it on the grounds of intimacy? Heaven forbid that such an assumption should be made in

regard to my maid-servant. Is the use deprecatory? Ah, but I think I noted that my wife is included.

"No, the grammarian falls back baffled before this grotesque union. It is like that Bald-headed Men's Club of whose annual dinner I read in the newspapers. The members are no doubt diverse in every respect; they have only one bond, a common sterility of the sebaceous glands, a mutual nudity of the skull, which unites such inharmonious natures as Julius Caesar, the Prophet Elisha, Chauncey M. Depew, and, I think we may assume, Charles the Bald. Similarly, the Second Person Singular puts my little Rover hand in hand, or should I say paw in hand, with the Divine.

"Now take that curious fact of the presence of the Deity in the gallery of Second Person Singulars. Are we to infer from this juxtaposition a proof of the divine nature of Man, of chauffeurs, pet canaries and wives? Or are we to deduce the anthropomorphic nature of the Divine?"

"One or both, certainly," I murmured.

"Note, further, the observation in small type that the Protestant uses the Second Person Singular in addressing his God, while the Catholic uses the Second Person Plural. Why, the whole of the Reformation is in that! There is a thesis subject for you! You could spend years working on that!"

"Well, for a thesis subject," I commented, "I think I would take: 'An Intimate Study of the Second Person



Amateur Sportsman (to friend whose horse has thrown him): All right, old chap. I'll catch him.

Friend: No, let him go. I never want to see him again.



The Owner: It's only a squall. It'll be over in a minute.
Guest: Wh-what will?

Singular in Paris.' Must be something to that, eh?"

The Professor looked at me narrowly.

"How revolting!" he said. "You fill me with disgust!" But there was a far-away look in his eyes and an old smile on his lips. And I knew that Memory was repeating something about the Second Person Singular that is not to be found in any foot-note in Fraser and Squair.

Why Not?

MAKING church attractive is one of the great problems of the day. We talk about it all the time, but nobody does anything about it except the people on the inside, and apparently they don't know how.

They have tried various things—shorter sermons, vaudeville, advertising and movies of prize fights. A fitful and fictitious interest is created, and then the attendance lapses. Is there nothing that can be done with a church to get people to go into it?

Here is an idea that nobody has yet thought of. Why not make our churches places of rest? If there were inside of them no sermons being preached, no music, no noise and no entertainment, think what it would mean for multitudes! In these circumstances, the churches might easily become the most popular resorts in the country.

The Highbrow Bobbie

ENGLISH police-constables are now made to pass an educational test before being promoted to sergeant. Therefore:

When a peeler wants three stripes upon his jacket—
 On his jacket,
 And the subsequently higher sergeant's screw—
 Sergeant's screw,
 He must take the Ready Questioner and crack it—
 -Ner and crack it,
 For his warrant will depend on how he do—
 How he do.
 "How can one invest a shilling and not risk it—
 And not risk it?"
 "What desserts should rather stoutish persons shun—
 Persons shun?"
 If he hasn't got the answers in his biscuit—
 In his biscuit,
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one—
 NO!
 If he cannot tell a crumple from a bun,
 From a bun,
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one—
 Happy one.

H. W. H.



At the Sign of the Lyre
(For Austin Dobson)

MASTER of the lyric inn
Where the rarer sort so long
Drew the rein, to 'scape the din
Of the cymbal and the gong,
Topers of the classic bin—
Oporto, sherris and Tokay,
Muscatel and Beaujolais—
Conning some old Book of Airs,
Lolling in their Queen Anne chairs:
Catch or glee or madrigal,
Writ for viol or virginal;
Or from France some courtly tune,
Gavotte, ridotto, rigadoon—
Watteau and the rising moon;
Ballade, rondeau, triolet,
Villanelle or virelay,
Wistful of a statelier day,

Gallant, delicate desire:
Where the sign swings of the Lyre.
Garlands droop above the door,
Thou, dear Master, art no more.
Lo! About thy portals throng
Sorrowing shapes that loved thy song:
Taste and Elegance are there,
The modish Muses of Mayfair,
Wit, Distinction, Form and Style,
Humour too, with tear and smile.
Fashion sends her butterflies:
Pretty laces to their eyes,
Ladies from St. James's fair
Step out from the sedan chair,
Wigged and scented dandies too
Tristly wear their sprigs of rue;
Country squires are in the crowd,
And little Phyllida sobs aloud.

Then stately shades I seem to see,
Master, to companion thee;
Fielding and Horace here are come,
To lead thee to Elysium;
Last comes one all golden—Fame,
Calls thee, Master, by thy name,
On thy brow the Laurel lays,
Whispers low "In After Days!"

Richard Le Gallienne





Sympathetic Person: Hello! what's the matter, little boy. Are you lost?

Little Boy: Yes, I yam. I mighta known better'n to come out with Gran'ma. She's always losin' somethin'.

A Plea for Mediocrity

IT is generally admitted by lovers of good literature that a good biography is the best reading in the world. Hitherto a man's pre-eminent success in any particular field has been a sufficient excuse to inform the world as to how it was done. We must also confess that the new biographies are quite absorbing in their interest.

But what is one to do with the price of books what it is? At one time a biography could be bought for not over \$2.50 and we used to think that even this was high. Now \$6 is a small price to pay; a biography in two volumes may run up as high as \$12.

In these acute circumstances, have men any right to become prominent? Is there not an obligation upon every self-respecting human being, not only to do nothing that will attract attention,

but to make sure to live as uninteresting a life as possible, so there will be no excuse for publishing his memoirs? Please, gentlemen, don't be guilty of too much achievement.

Flapper Song

DELTA Kappa Epsilon,
Kappa Gamma Mu,
Pearl pins, gold pins,
Pins enameled blue—
Chi Psi, Delta Phi,
Delta Sigma Nu,
Tea time, toddle time,
Taxicabs for two.

Stake Holder

"THOSE two girls bet a kiss about something."

"What's it to you?"

"I'm holding the stakes."

Our Own Ready Letter Writer From a Retiring Husband

DEAREST MABEL: Well, here I am running off with another woman! I can scarcely believe it. I thought you might like to know, as otherwise you might expect me at any time. I left my latchkey on top of the dresser. If there are any little business ends you want to settle, why, my friends, the Matrimonial Casualty Company, will take care of it for you. You know, they insured me against you. The weather is fine to-day, and that runabout you gave me for my birthday is a peach—sixteen miles to the gallon. Estelle sends love.

Ever yours,
JOHN.

MANY a man's wife nowadays is too rich to agree with him.



"It's going to be deadly here after Monday. All the men will have gone back to boarding school."

Marriages Openly Arrived At



ALL joking aside, can it be possible that the reason why there are so many divorces and other matrimonial difficulties is that nobody has an opportunity any more to get acquainted with the person he marries? In all substantial affairs, there must be opportunity for some sort of understanding. Even if two people love each other so ardently that the probability is they will not get on together—for there is much to be said for this point of view—is it not true that a few hours together and alone beforehand may pave the way to a permanent affair? As the case stands at present, there is not the slightest chance of this sort of thing. We carry on our love-making, if not in the midst of crowds, at least with one hand on the telephone, or while some total stranger is going through our clothes. Nobody would ever fall in love with anybody now, if it were not for the language of the eyes; fortunately, that is something that cannot be broken up.

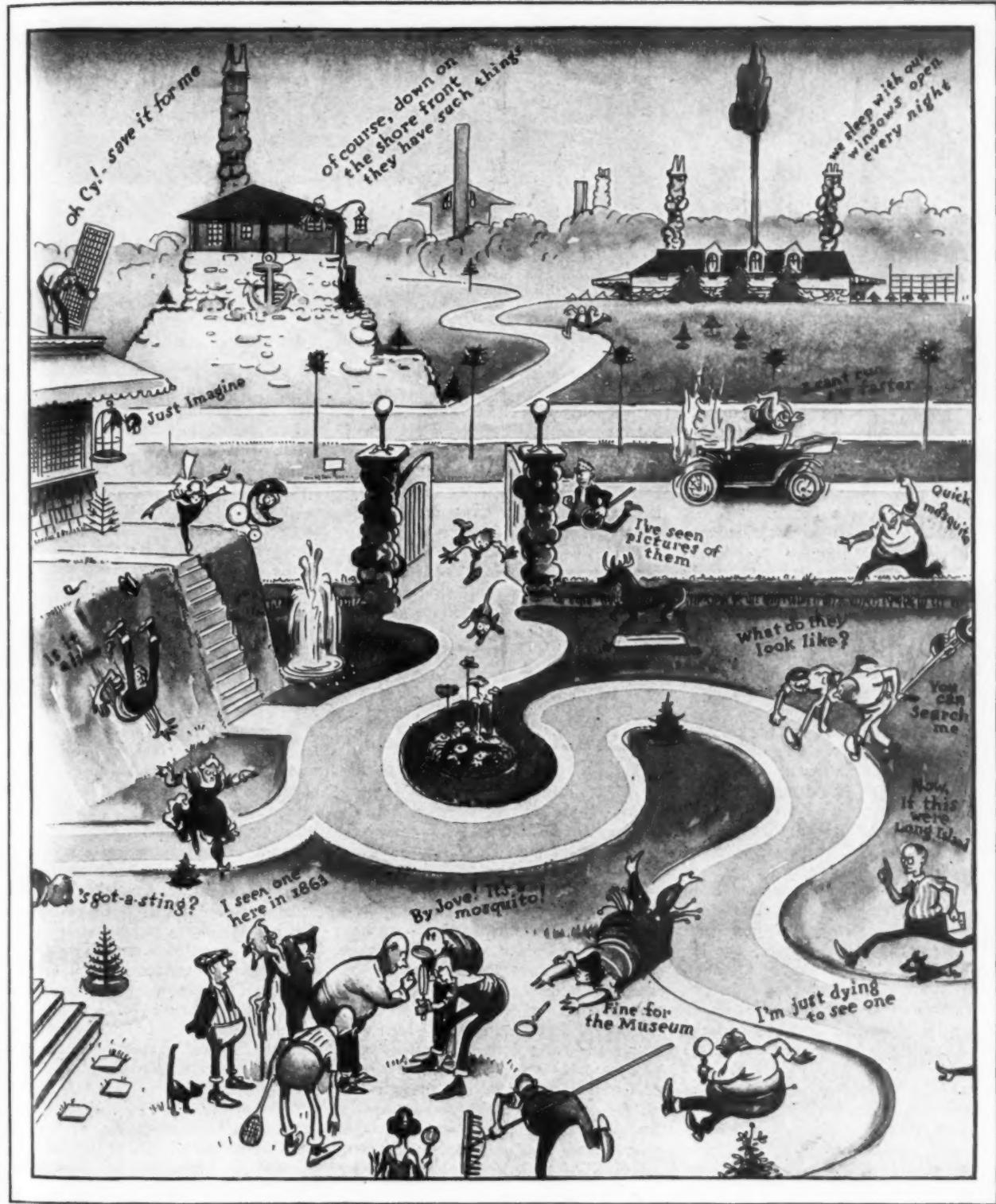
There are no more places for lovers to hide; lovers' lane

is lined with flivvers; in back parlors government inspectors, creditors or interior decorators jostle one another. If you propose over the phone, a whole bevy of people are listening in. There is no privacy in taxicabs or runabouts, and if you put even one arm around the girl you are liable to arrest, such cases having recently been brought into court (in Connecticut). There is no chance for either of the interested parties to show how foolish he, or she, can become. Even at the movies they prohibit talking.

On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that all of our international troubles have come from secret diplomacy. Attempts have been made by tyros to cure this condition, but up to the present time none has succeeded. Diplomacy continues to work in secret; the closed committee is the incubator of future warfare.

In view of these two great facts, the remedy is easy. The world will come to its senses only when our halls of diplomacy are filled with lovers' booths, and our diplomats are compelled to negotiate in the same public manner in which people are now forced to make love.

Let the good work proceed; there is no time to lose.



Drawn by Charles Forbell

Discovery of the First Mosquito in Halcyon Heights
If we could believe the boosters



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IT is still the open season for everything that figured in the world that led up to the war. For example, the Victorians have been cursed out as formulators of a civilization that would not wash. And for another example, there is organization. Only lately it was well thought of. Now its faults begin to be dwelt upon, and someone has been saying that organization is the natural enemy of truth.

Maybe so, and especially of new truths. For accepted truth, organization is doubtless useful, and even necessary, as it seems to be for the production and distribution of all things, though its hand is pretty heavy on spiritual things. New truth is not really new; it was always there. It is new only in the sense of being lately discovered. The Continent of America was there before Columbus and the other gentlemen discovered it, but to them and to the world of their time, it was a new Continent. So new truth is coming along all the time. Day by day, and month by month, the human mind is wrenching loose new particles of truth from the big lump and of each of these new particles as it comes along, organization, as said, is the natural enemy.

And why? Because when once you get anything organized, the first law of nature—self-preservation—begins immediately to operate, and the purpose of the organization, which may be to diffuse truth, gets mixed up with the maintenance and preservation of the organization, and the support of its operators. That seems to be true of all organization—of governments, of churches, of corporations, of trade-unions, of universities, of the various

societies of scientists and professional men. Our whole world is organized, or was only lately, and new truth has hard work to butt into it. That is why when the clock has struck for a considerable new truth to come through there has to be more or less preliminary smash. The more organized a country, the harder work it is for new truths to penetrate into it. Ten years ago the most organized country in the world was Germany and in that country the suppression of necessary truths was most complete.



WHAT is going on now in the world is the smashing of organization to the degree necessary for indispensable new truths to become operative in human life. That is what happens when there is a new era. There is one now just beginning. The ideas that it must run on are breaking into the world. The resistance is strong, but little by little it yields. The great preliminary smash was affected by the war, which weakened more or less the organization of every country in Europe. Europe at the close of the war was ready for new ideas and the rearrangement of life. Right on the heels of the armistice came the struggles of all the principal political organizations for self-preservation. That produced a relapse, and the new ideas about the relations of men and countries went to grass.

But they have got to come back and whoever watches attentively may see them coming. One can detect the progress of new ideas—can see new truth battering against old organizations. The countries to which truth has had

easiest access, and which have given it the best distribution have the best of it now. The countries in which its percolations were most restricted have the worst of it. Russia, for example, went to smash preliminary to the evolution and acceptance of enough new truths to put her on her feet. Germany is staggering and may fall. France is stronger, but clings for the time being to the past and its processes, and leans upon force to ensure her safety.



A NUMBER of interesting correspondences are proceeding in the newspapers, the chief one being between De Valera and Lloyd George about the basis proper to the discussion between the Sinn Feiners and the British Government anent the future of Ireland. A conference was arranged to be at Inverness on September 20th, but De Valera rather suddenly found it necessary to disclose to Lloyd George that it was only as representatives of a sovereign state that he and his colleagues had power to confer. Lloyd George replied that that condition made the conference impossible—that to accept a conference with the Irish emissaries “on the formal statement that they came as representing an independent sovereign state would constitute an official recognition by His Majesty’s Government of the severance of Ireland from the Empire.” So, as he could not do that, he broke off the conference. But in another twenty-four hours another telegram came from De Valera expressing surprise and so on, and so it has gone on up to this time of writing without reaching a conclusion as to what kind of an Ireland the Irish delegates stand for, and without the naming

of a new day for the meeting. But the prospect is still good that a new day will be named, and that the meeting will come off, and that some agreement will be reached. In the meanwhile discussion by telegraph is still discussion and may get to proceedings somewhere.



ANOTHER correspondence, also between an Irishman and an Englishman, is that in which Henry Arthur Jones, playwright, discusses international politics with George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw said in effect that since neither Great Britain nor the United States had stopped building ships they were heading straight for a war for the command of seas. That scandalized Mr. Jones, who does not at all like the idea of a war between Great Britain and the United States, and he protested almost with violence against Mr. Shaw's conclusion. So Mr. Shaw had to write another letter and, of course, it is a very pleasant, cheerful letter. He repeats that England is heading straight for a war with America for command of the seas, but, after all, war is not very likely. So long as the two countries each feel it necessary to waste money building battleships, they may be heading towards such a war, but a ship may head towards a rock and if that rock is far enough off, it won't do any harm to point towards it. The rock of war that Mr. Shaw affects to foresee is twenty years away. Many ships will change their course and many governments their policy and practice in the next twenty years. In so far as Mr. Shaw is arguing for limitation for armament, he is doing a good work. One must not complain if he does it in his own peculiar fashion.



THERE is real encouragement for the inhabitants of New York in Major Curran's success in the Republican Primaries. Mr. Curran was picked out months ago as the best candidate for Mayor to run against Mayor Hylan. He is credited with one great qualification—that he knows the business of being Mayor of New York—that he is an expert in the concerns of the city and that if we can elect him he will not have to learn the job after he takes office.

To have him beat out the other Republican candidates and get the Republican nomination is a first-rate start. It is the start that John Mitchel failed to get four years ago when Hylan beat him. The city needs better government, and has now a first-rate chance to get it.



PRESIDENT HARDING has invited thirty-eight citizens from all over the country to a national conference on unemployment to begin in Washington September 26th. The number of the unemployed has probably been overstated, but it is large; very large; somewhere around five millions,

and will involve suffering, widespread and severe, unless it is systematically handled.

Mr. Urbain Ledoux, of Boston, who got worked up about the unemployed and felt that he must do what he could, held meetings on Boston Common in which he sold the jobless to employers. He came to New York to do that here also, but our police would not let him. Of course, selling the jobless is just a way of making a noise, but it was a fairly successful way and it brought suffering to the notice of the public, which in this matter of unemployment is something desirable to be done. If Mayor-Hylan's government will not permit it to be done here, it should start something on its own account.

E. S. Martin.

The Chase for the Dollar



Now you see it — Now you don't

W.J. ENRIGHT



A Summer Creation

The pretty little seamstress described her sun
folds, gatherings, tucks and pressings, endi-



Creation
bed for summer vacation as a succession of
cessing, ending with a wonderful binding



One of Each

JUST before the final curtain falls in "Blood and Sand," one of the elaborately upholstered matadors of the Plaza de Toros shakes his fist in the direction of the off-stage bull-fight bleachers and cries: "You damned public! You are the real beasts!" In answer to which the supers snarl loudly for more blood.

This sentiment might well be done in old English lettering over the entrance to every theatre in town. I guess that would make the public feel pretty cheap.

"Blood and Sand" is an interesting play, in spite of the fact that it was founded on a book by Blasco Ibañez. Its interest may lie in Otis Skinner's delineation of the character of the bull-fighter, rather than in the red plush plot, but wherever it lies, the fact remains that you're darned if you don't want to see how it comes out. In waiting around for the final scene (which, by the way, contains the only really fine moments in the play) you will have occasion to blush slightly once or twice, and even to cough in an embarrassed manner across your knuckles.

Once will be when *Doña Sol*, in the manner of an excellent amateur actress who is much too good to be in next year's Footlight Club play, but not quite good enough to carry you off your feet in the Empire Theatre, New York City, seizes Mr. Skinner by the arms and cries in a highly provocative tone: "My beast!"

Now, Mr. Skinner is a good romantic actor, but he is not a beast. However, encouraged by her mood, he makes a valiantly beastly attempt to carry her off into the garden, succeeding well enough for all practical purposes but not at all in the style of the runaway stallion to which she had hopefully compared him.

"Blood and Sand," in addition, gives a realistic picture of how residents of Madrid spend their time, than which, in the present condition of the world, no picture could be less important.



"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE" is one of those imported farces for which the excuse is offered: "It doesn't seem half so bad when it is done in French. They think nothing of things like that over there." To which the rejoinder is that we think even less than nothing of things like that.

Ina Claire gives the play an atmosphere of daring respectability which it hardly deserves, although even she at times seems to lose her customary graceful ease and, on at least two occasions, makes gay dashes from the stage in a manner obviously prescribed in the script as "(*exit Monna, laughing roguishly*). But it isn't such an easy thing to laugh off. There is, however, one scene in which Barry

Baxter accuses Miss Claire of having made him get undressed simply to see if his shirt-maker was the same as her father's, which is so extravagantly harmless that not even the most salacious mind could take offense.

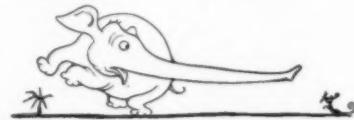
But, after all, the chief complaint is not that "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" is too daring. It is that it is in the main not daring enough to be particularly original.



EVERY once in a while it seems good to go to the theatre and see a little play which makes no pretence of being anything more than a little play, so well written that you don't notice the writing, and designed merely as an evening's entertainment. When, in addition, it is acted as "The White-Headed Boy" is acted, by a company of players whose work melds together in that smooth coöperation which has always marked the playing of those companies sent over from the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, there isn't much more to ask for.

So long as audiences go into gales of laughter over old aunts with little bonnets on top of their heads, who lift their skirts to show white stockings over black boots and grimace elaborately in emotional crises, just so long will it be cavilling to find fault with comedy methods such as are used by Maire O'Neill as *Aunt Ellen*. But successful as she is, she is also the only one in the cast who disturbs the feeling of fine communism which marks the performance. Arthur Sinclair manages to be much funnier without once using italics.

And, it being a Dillingham production, the customary pretty tribute of publicity is paid in a spirit of friendly reciprocity to one of the Nast publications.



AND while all these things have been going on, the Hippodrome has opened and is now blocking Sixth Avenue every afternoon with parties of children who have missed their shepherds, and aunts and uncles who were to have met Edward or Lillian at the corner of Forty-fourth Street at 1:45 sharp.

The name of the production this year is "Getting Together," (or was that the name last year?) and the prices have been materially reduced. This has necessitated fewer elaborate changes of scenery, but the difference is more than made up by the general excellence of the individual acts. It is easy to do without the extra spectacle of the enchanted toy-shop so long as Lena, Jennie, Roxy and Julia are there to cavort in lissom fashion across the groaning boards, and even Belle Storey, who has grown up with the Hippodrome until she is now a great big girl who has gone out into the world to seek her fortune, is hardly missed when the remarkable crow starts juggling in company with the equally remarkable bull-dog. The only loss to which we can not reconcile ourselves is that of Joe Jackson.

But the ice ballet is here again, and Charlotte, and, after all, the Hippodrome is always the Hippodrome, which is saying a great deal.

Robert C. Benchley.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Back Pay. *Eltinge.*—The old, old story told in magazine language.

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Terrible on the nervous system but worth it.

Blood and Sand. *Empire.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Blue Lagoon. *Astor.*—Just as dull as two people cast away on an island would find it in real life.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. *Plymouth.*—Marjorie Rambeau in an impressively simple tragedy of marriage.

The Detour. *Bijou.*—Rural drama with a refreshingly modern ending, well-acted.

The Easiest Way. *Lyceum.*—Frances Starr and many of the original cast in a play that has proved hard to beat.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Old melodrama in new bottles served with distinction by George Arliss.

The Hero. *Belmont.*—An idea, for which the author would have been sent to Leavenworth four years ago, made into a play more conventional than it deserves.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—Through Heaven and Earth with a roughneck in a memorable performance.

The Return of Peter Grimm. *Belasco.*—David Warfield in a revival of his former success.

The Silver Fox. *Maxine Elliott's.*—The customary polite infidelities executed by William Faversham and an excellent cast.

Sonya. *Klaw.*—Royal romance done in nice uniforms and much the same manner as always.

Comedy and Things Like That

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. *Ritz.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Circle. *Selwyn.*—A delicious performance of a real play with a cast including John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Dulcy. *Fraze.*—Lynn Fontanne bringing a delightfully new characterization to our stage in an amusing satirical comedy.

The First Year. *Little.*—A hilariously funny view through the window into everybody's home life.

Getting Gertie's Garter. *Republic.*—All right for anyone who would buy a ticket for a play of that name.

Honors Are Even. *Times Square.*—Lola Fisher and William Courtenay in a play containing twice too many words.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes.*—A bedroom farce on board a boat, funny when Lynne Overman is on.

The Man in the Making. *Hudson.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Night-Cap. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Murder mystery becoming farce.

Only 38. *Cort.*—Pretty gosh-darned wholesome, by Heck!

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—A sure-fire hit, with Ernest Truex as the purchaser of a malicious white elephant, 1921 model.

Two Blocks Away. *George M. Cohan's.*—Plenty of good lines for Barney Bernard, so what does the show matter?

Wait 'Till We're Married. *Playhouse.*—To be reviewed next week.

The White-Headed Boy. *Henry Miller.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—To be reviewed next week.

Get Together. *Hippodrome.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—A great, big comic opera like those they used to make.

The Merry Widow. *Knickerbocker.*—The music is the same, anyway.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—One by one they drop off, leaving this right where they found it making money.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty Third St.*—Negro singers and dancers in a whizzing performance of jazz and harmony.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—A pleasant musical show with Julia Sanderson lending her customary sombre note.



The Unhappy Romance

THE SILENT DRAMA



Bits of Life

MARSHALL NEILAN didn't know what to do with himself, so he gathered a cast that included Wesley Barry, Lon Chaney and Anna May Wong and made four movies grow where ordinarily only one greets the eye. In a chummy letter, Mr. Neilan confesses that none of the quartette could quite make the seven-reel grade.

The outcome of this disarming frankness is an assortment of stories with a felicitous celerity of action. In each case what might have been distended into five reels is compressed into two, or less. Which proves our unofficial contention that it doesn't need an hour of reeling by the operator and writhing by the star to tell a good story—exactly what three of the four Bits are.

Contrariwise, a double brace of plots coming together as one feature may confuse the simple mind and prove over-distracting to its proud owner.

No . . . we didn't have any actual trouble to speak of.

No Woman Knows

JUST as the villain is about to exact his pay from the heroine for all that he has done; just as she is about to draw herself up to her full capacity and spurn his unvirtuous advances; just as he, blinded with rage, scalded with desire and scourged by the whips of passion is about to separate the heroine from her hand-hemstitched shirtwaist, in walks the hero and the fight is off. He evidently got wind of the affair and came early to secure a ringside seat. Consequently, with his big scene busted in on and utterly ruined, there is nothing for the villain to do but slink back to his loveless marriage.

Bating that, "No Woman Knows"—"the biggest heart picture ever screened"—offers no further novelties.

The Playhouse

IF ever we want to punish our very unborn offspring severely, we shall tell him, or her—or them, that he (she, they) cannot go to see Buster Keaton. Then we shall go out and kick our-

self for being an unmerciful parent.

In "The Playhouse," Buster Keaton plays some twenty or thirty rôles, being the orchestra, a minstrel show, a dance team and the audience. Not content with this, he gives an educated ape *congé* (French for "the gate") and takes his place. We are not sure that an educated ape is entitled to a degree, but if Buster Keaton is itching for letters after his name, write us down as the first to say him yea.

More sophisticated than his brother of the Borneo jungle (see review of "Jungle Adventures") Keaton nevertheless carries on the simian tradition of light-hearted whimsicality and delicate buffoonery with a touching fidelity and sincerity. Detail upon detail, he has built up a consummate monument of characterization that is a fitting tribute to his great understanding of, and broad sympathy for, an humble people.

I Do

HAROLD LLOYD vividly sets forth the undesirability of having kiddies about the place—particularly if the kiddies belong to your brother-in-law. A good bit of his work is downright heroic, as he obviously suffers torture from the little child-things.

We know only too well. We had a little kiddie about the place, once. It belonged to our aunt.

Jungle Adventures

IN a remarkable film of generous footage, Martin Johnson has exposed the wild life of the Borneo hinterland. Although there is a noticeable lack of wild men and wild women, any number of wild buffaloes, elephants, sloths, crocodiles, Wah-Wah apes and orang-outangs, all in good amateur standing, beguile the spectator with an absence of self-consciousness never before displayed on the screen.

Those who remember Mr. Johnson's pictures of his escape from the cannibal tribe of Big Numbers will look in vain for renewed attempts to get himself into a stew. Going in solely for exotic flora and fauna of the lower orders, at all times the committee of investigation is orderly and well under control. Bring the children and the husband.

The Girl From God's Country

WHICH leads us, strangely enough, to "The Girl From God's Country," written by Nell Shipman, directed by Nell Shipman and acted by Nell Shipman. As the girl, Miss Shipman is a Northwestern Mowgli, Opal Whitley, St. Francis of Assisi and Carmen. She juggles wildcats, skunks, bears, deer, raccoons and mountain lions with a dexterity that Martin Johnson might well envy, keeping them in the confines of her rough-hewn mountain cabin as pets. In her idle moments she fights with the village folk. Not content with this simple life, she goes to the effete East (California), parachutes from an aeroplane, climbs on board again and ends the story in Japan, having won the America-to-Asia flight for the Carslake Airplane Works. She also plays the part of her civilized half-sister.

Perilously near ham as "The Girl From God's Country" frequently is, Miss Shipman's vigorous personality makes it, and as she makes it, it is well worth watching.

Dangerous Lies

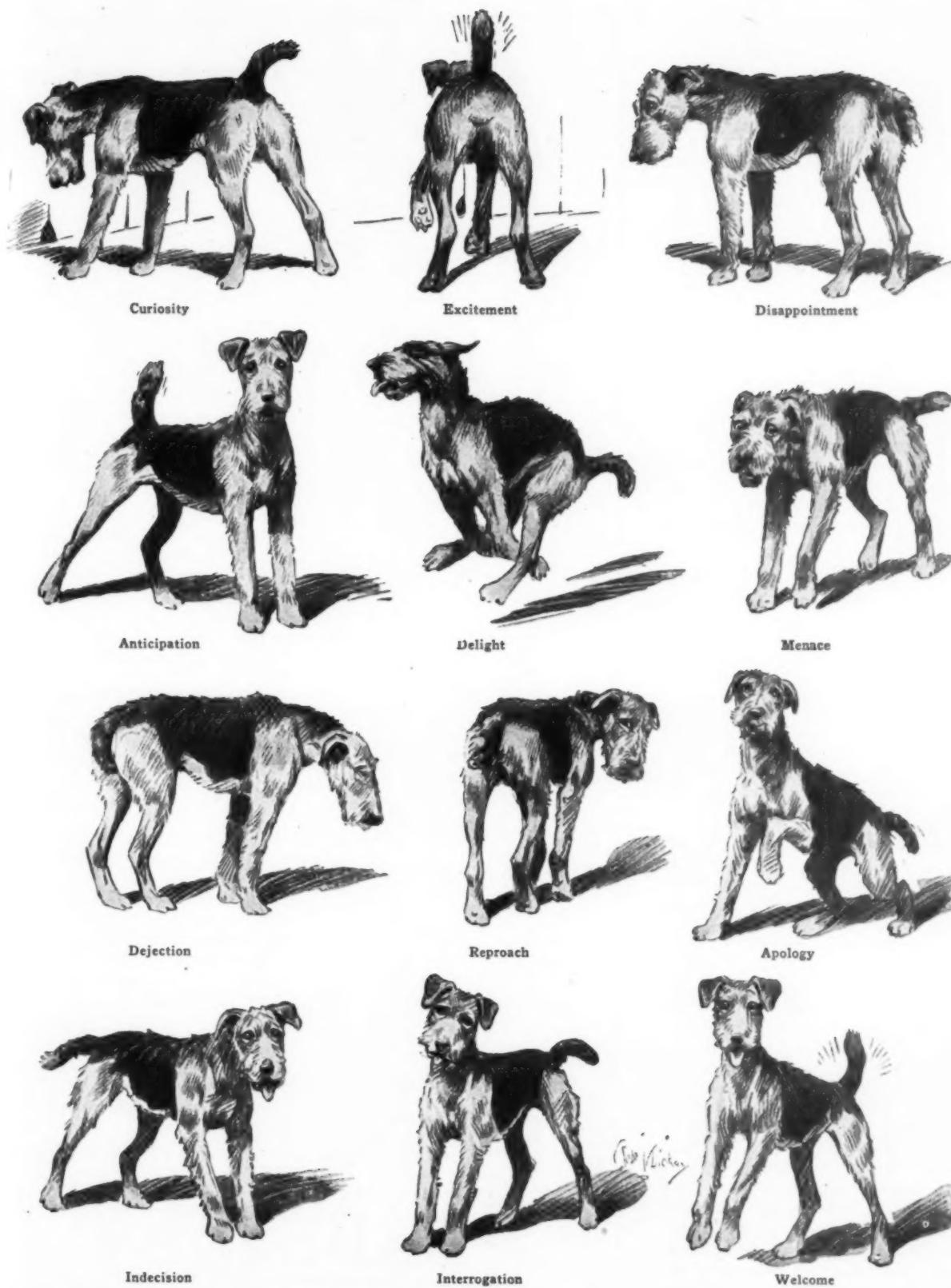
MARRY in haste . . . and provide a movie plot in which bigamy (by oversight) brings the erring wife to forgotten husband number one and causes the inevitable tulle-tearing scene.

John Powell is husband number two. The dangerous lying takes place in England, and from the concerted interpretation of the cast only George Harvey's efforts are missing to afford a complete revelation of English manners and customs of the better kind. Our retina retains a blurred phantasmagoria of morning coats, milk-white spats and silk hats worn with dinner jackets in impossible postures. Except on a line on a windy day, we have never seen clothes behave in so peculiar a fashion.

Footfalls

WHENEVER we are confronted with a drama that is avowedly of human interest, including the regulation number of heart throbs a minute, we

(Continued on page 28)



The Psychology of a Pair of Ears and a Tail



A Breath From the Pines

ONE of the most disagreeable and dangerous girls in modern fiction is the heroine of "Her Father's Daughter," Gene Stratton-Porter's latest contribution to the circulating libraries of the country.

Linda Strong is the kind of girl who is "just a bully good pal to a fellow." She is constantly going out on "hikes." She wears low-heel shoes and common-sense clothes and delivers little three-minute talks on their efficacy during occasional lapses in her ardor for "bucking up" her boy-friends to make them do better in school. And she believes that every woman ought to have at least six children, training them to grow up into fine, strong, virile women and men, fit to fight the Japanese some day.

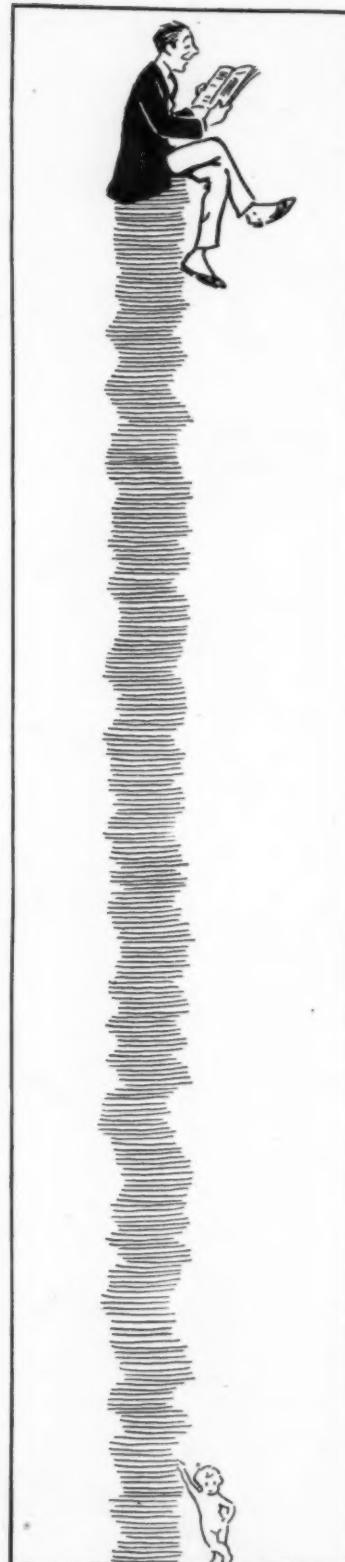
But you must not think that just because *Linda* is an evangelical heroine she hasn't any fun in her make-up. She has what she undoubtedly would call "oodles of a sense of humor."

"Why, you two perfectly nice men!" she says to a couple of shortsighted gallants who had let themselves in for an afternoon's talk by simply being nice to her, "I haven't felt as I do this minute since I lost Daddy. It's wonderful to be taken care of. It's better than cream puffs with almond flavoring."

But she is not *too* rough. Pal as she is with the men, she knows when to stop. She doesn't say "devil," but "de'il." Men respect a woman much more if she says "de'il" instead of "devil," especially if she can turn right around the next minute and say, as she does on page 471: "Ripping! Why, you're perfectly topping!" A girl like that can get along perfectly well alone in the world. And the chances are that she will have to.

But charming as *Linda* is personally, Mrs. Porter has more serious business at hand than the mere telling of a story. First and foremost comes her anti-Japanese campaign, which she presses with all the persuasive subtlety of a McCormick tractor, thereby upholding her reputation as a writer of good, clean fiction which helps spread sunshine and mutual understanding throughout the world. Then she has a word to say for sensible clothes and ground-grippers,

(Continued on page 29)



Constant Reader: Ah! the two thousand and thirty-first number.

Rhymed Reviews

The Man Who Did the Right Thing

By Sir Harry Johnston. The Macmillan Co.

WITH good Sir Harry's leave, I'll sing
Of Roger Brendham, Africander,
Who tried to do the proper thing
In spite of malice, craft and slander.

When savage cohorts swept the plains,
He led the rescuing safari
That bore from danger Lucy Baines,
The wife of John the missionary.

They killed poor John, the savage crew;
And Roger promptly married Lucy,
Which seemed the proper thing to do
But caused a scandal rich and juicy.

So Roger, by his land forgot,
With kindly Germans grew quite pally
And helped to form the fairest spot
In Africa,—The Happy Valley.

In war he served his country well,
And gave that most ungrateful nation
An Eden where her sons shall dwell;—
At least, that's my interpretation.

And yet our author clearly hates
The thought of Africa divided
By greeds of European states;
He wants all politics elided.

I like his point of view; in fact
I like the way the book is written.
The hero, bravely void of tact,
I like him, too,—a thorough Briton.

And match me now, if match you can,
That lady skilled in high invective,
The missionary damsel, Ann,
Whose curses always prove effective.

Arthur Guiterman.

Literary Personals (As They Should Be)

H. G. Wells has given up writing entirely and during the rest of his life will live in retirement in the suburbs of Moscow.

Henry Ford is taking the Chautauqua historical course.

Christopher Morley of the *Evening Post* has agreed not to mention Vachel Lindsay any more.

Books not in demand anywhere in the country: (Owing to the high cost of paper, the list has been omitted).

There will not be another Zane Grey week until next year.



These Five Effects Twice Daily

Each use of Pepsodent brings these five desired effects:

- 1—A multiplied salivary flow.
- 2—Multiplied starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling.
- 3—Multiplied alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.
- 4—Attacks on film in two efficient ways.
- 5—High polish, so film cannot easily adhere.

See the Change When you brush teeth in this way

This offers you a ten-day test of a new, scientific teeth-cleaner. Millions now employ it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. High authorities see in it a new dental era.

We urge you to see what it means to you and yours.

Watch the film

See what it does for film, the great tooth destroyer. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not removed, it may do ceaseless damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it.

They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

See it disappear

Old methods of teeth cleaning do not end film. So dental science has for years been seeking an efficient film combatant.

It has been found, and the methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Many careful tests have proved it, and the use is now fast spreading the world over.

Watch the effects. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. It will be a revelation.

The other effects

The saliva is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. Pepsodent multiplies its flow. It multi-

plies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Then it polishes teeth so highly that film cannot easily adhere.

All these effects—natural and essential—come with every application. And they mean such tooth protection as the old ways never brought.

See for yourself. Then read in our book the reason for each new effect.

Old ways have proved inadequate. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, until very few escape. And film-coated teeth don't shine.

See what the new way does. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 204, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



An Inspirational Sermon

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women coming out of church were heard commenting upon his address.

"'Tis a fine sermon his reverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget.

"It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

In Demand

GREAT LADY (organizing concert at *fête*): Of course, you'll give your services free, Mr. Warbel, as it's for charity. But it's sure to bring you in lots of work.

SINGER: Er—what kind of work?

GREAT LADY: Oh, more charity!
—*London Mail*.

FIRST LADY: Well, dear, and did you have a nice holiday?

SECOND LADY: Oh, yes—delightful! We stayed away a week longer than the Smiths next door.—*Punch*.

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"Did the Sar-Major go this way, Sentry?"

"I don't know, Corporal."

"Well, keep your eyes open. What do you think you're here for?"

"Here for? Two perishing hours!" —*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.

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Right-o!

The Feminist Orator was wound up as she addressed the gathering of Mere Men.

"Women," she shouted, "have in all times and in all countries been the main-spring of national existence. Who was the world's greatest hero? Helen of Troy! Who was the world's greatest ruler? Queen Victoria! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Gentlemen, who, I say, was the world's greatest martyr?"

And with one voice that immense crowd of men arose and cried:

"My wife!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

The Hand of Fate

CHLOE: I sho' mighter knowed I gwine have bad luck if I do dat washin' on Friday.

DAPHNE: What bad luck done come to yuh?

CHLOE: I sen' home dat pink silk petticoat wid de filly aidge what I was gwine keep out to wear to chu'ch on Sunday.—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.

A MAGAZINE writer says very few poets are blonds. This is probably due to the fact that poets are born, and not made.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I want some LIFE SAVERS, p'ease."
"Yes, ma'am. What flavor?"
"Pep-o-mint for Daddy
an' Wint-o-g'een for me."

FOR play-time or work-time—for young folks and old folks—**LIFE SAVERS** are the ideal 5c package candy. The hole is your final identification of the genuine—it is put there for your protection. Five flavors to suit your particular taste:

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Cl-O-ve Cinn-O-mon

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5¢



"We are as Old as Our Arteries!"

Physicians show how to increase our years of usefulness and well-being.

"Old Age" is not so much a matter of years as it is a *condition of the body*. Some folks are old at forty; others young at sixty. Authorities point out that one of the chief signs of physical deterioration is hardening of the arteries. How vital it is, then, to do everything we can to keep our arteries *young*.

A leading authority says: "Of the nine or so factors which may cause one's arteries to harden, the harmful influence of *half or more* will be at least partly counteracted by the drinking of Paradise Water in large quantities. The beneficial effect will be due to *flushing poisonous substances out of the system*."

Paradise is so beneficial because it is *so pure*, containing less than *one grain* of mineral matter in a gallon of 58,372 grains. Unlike all ordinary water, Paradise not only brings practically no lime or other impurities *into* the system, but it tends to dissolve and eliminate those already present. This is what helps keep the arteries *young*.

Don't go on drinking ordinary water, letting those harmful mineral deposits pile up in your cellular tissue and joints. Drink Paradise Water exclusively: it will keep your system cleansed and purified; it will promote the proper functioning of the kidneys; it will produce a healthier condition of the heart; *it will help ward off old age!*

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Case 1 dozen Quarts.....	Natural \$2.50.....	Carbonated \$3.00.....
Case 2 dozen Pints.....	Natural \$3.00.....	Carbonated \$3.50.....
Case 3 dozen Half-Pints.....		Carbonated (only) \$4.00.....



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Get a jar from your druggist today—50c. If your druggist is not supplied, order direct—we will make it worth your while. Send us 50c today, together with your druggist's name and address, and we will mail you a 50c jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream, with a tourist's shaving brush in nickel case, free.

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The Bride Goes Marketing

"Half a dozen oranges, some soap, a cake of yeast"

(I'll be setting bread to-night—he'll help) "a pound of tea—"

(Feet, be still, you're dancing like the sunshine in the east!

Quiet! Walk sedately now! That grocer boy might see!)

"Half a dozen oranges"—(I'll wear my blue to-night!)

"Blue to match your eyes," he'll say.
You poor old city tree.

Look alive! It's morning, and the world is full of light!

Yellow like the sunrise quilt my mother made for me!)

"Half a dozen oranges"—(His good-by kiss was sweet!)

"Eggs enough for breakfast" (Yes, I'll let that ironing be While I patch his old gray coat. Good-by, you friendly street!)

"Half a dozen oranges, some soap, a pound of tea."

—Helen Cowles Le Cron, in *Contemporary Verse*.

Profits of Production

Two farmers met after church as usual, and had this conversation:

"Sold your pig?"

"Yes."

"What'd ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars."

"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"

"Paid \$3 for the shoat, \$5 for the lumber in the pen and house, and \$5 more for the feed."

" Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."—Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*.

An Unassailable Position

MRS. SANDE: But if you don't subscribe to the Social Record, aren't you afraid they may leave your name out?

MRS. ROCKE: My dear, they can't. They have to put me in anyway, or everybody in this town would think their book a perfect fake.

—Columbia (S. C.) State.

The Boss Is Married

"Who is it?" barked the boss.

"Guess who," cooed a feminine voice over the 'phone.

"My guessing days are over, miss. I'll call one of the junior clerks."

—Film Fun.

A Rain of Misfortune

TOMMY: Dad, what's a Scotch mist?

FATHER: When a man asks you to have a drink and you don't hear him.

—Tit-Bits (London).

O, VACATION, what awful places are lived in in thy name!

—Chicago *Journal of Commerce*.

For the Modern Child

Mother had promised little Clara a doll, and Clara was allowed to accompany her to purchase one. They entered the store where a large assortment awaited them.

"This doll," said the saleswoman, "can say 'mama' and 'papa,' this one here can shut its eyes, and this one can say 'Oh!' when you put a new dress on it."

"Have you one that cries when you don't put a new dress on it?" asked little Clara.

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

Silent Adoration

What surprises me most about Scotland (writes a visitor) is not the absence of haggis and the kilt, or the presence of finely metalled roads, but the silence of the barbers' shops. Artist and client say nothing more to each other than the few words necessary for the success of the operation in hand. When I remarked on this phenomenon to a much-traveled Scot, "Aye," he commented, "they're both thinking hard about the tip."

—*London Morning Post*.

Child Logic

Little Ethel had had a fortnight in the country for the first time in her life. "Did you see them milk the cow, Ethel?" asked her mamma on her return.

"No, mamma," was the reply, "but I saw them unmilk her."

—*Sphere (London)*.

Auto-Autonomy

An American inventor has produced a radio-controlled motor-car that steers itself and sounds its own horn at pedestrians. He is believed to be experimenting with an attachment that will permit it to appear in a police-court and lie like a chauffeur.—*Punch*.

Good Proposition

DAD: Tommy, if you'll saw some wood I'll tell you what I'll do.

BILL: What's that, Dad?

DAD: I'll let you have the sawdust to play circus with.

—*Vancouver Province*.

When Times Are Dull

Members of the office staff were discussing the vacation subject when the boss came in.

"Vacation!" he exclaimed. "What is it you've been having for the last five months?"—*Commerce and Finance*.

HUSBAND (to seasick wife): What yer grumblin' abart? Yer ain't been seasick for four years!

—*Bystander (London)*.

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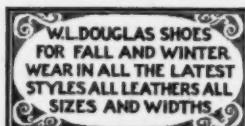
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The Silent Drama

(Continued from page 20)

begin to notice how bad the air in the theatre is. After that, it is a question of how uncomfortable the seats are before we go completely under.

Hold it against us, if you will, but at the moment the country lad (Tom Douglas) and the city feller (Gladden James) mixed in the death struggle for the girl we took the count ourself. As we passed beyond—or over, as some prefer it—we noticed that the blind cobbler (Tyrone Power), though an innocent bystander, was also getting banged up in a brutally effective manner. When we came to, the picture was over. "Footfalls" is such stuff as dreams are made of. Bad dreams.

Henry William Hanemann.

Recent Developments

Camille. *Metro*.—Nazimova as what Camille would have been had Camille been fortunate enough to be Nazimova. Parts of it are good.

The Three Musketeers. *United Artists*.—Douglas Fairbanks as the swash-buckling D'Artagnan well supported in a splendid picture that leaves nothing to be desired. In other words, a knockout.

Beyond. *Paramount*.—Ethel Clayton's noble reaction to spirits—maternal and alcoholic.

Room and Board. *Realart*.—A young American engineer gladly suffers minor discomforts in an old Irish castle for the sweet sake of Constance Binney. You'll do as much.

The Affairs of Anatol. *Paramount*.—Breaking all records for attendance, this twelve-star edition of Cecil B. De Mille's crashes on its stupendous way. Wallie Reid and Gloria Swanson head the constellation.

Serenade. *First National*.—A hot Spanish omelette of love, hate, passion and murder, with George Walsh as the chief cook.

Disraeli. *United Artists*.—George Arliss carries over his stage success to the screen, and more power to him.

Forever. *Paramount*.—Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" carefully and piously treated by Elsie Ferguson, George Fawcett, Director George Fitzmaurice and the ubiquitous Mr. Reid. Extremely well done.

Pilgrims of Love. *Associated Producers*.—An E. Phillips Oppenheim melodrama well staged and well acted. Produced by J. L. Frothingham.

Cappy Ricks. *Paramount*.—Tom Meighan wallops his fistic way through a moderately amusing story.

Passing Through. *Paramount*.—Doug-

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A Breath From the Pines

(Continued from page 22)

starts a movement to encourage the eating of cactus-plants in place of the effete salads now in vogue, and offers a stirring plea for Nature in general and exotic California plants in particular.

America, or rather that part of America which is white-skinned, is Mrs. Porter's particular care. Peter, one of the fine upstanding young men of the story, writes an article which he reads aloud to Linda (you must hand it to him for keeping her quiet that long, anyway), of which the following stirring description is given by the author:

"—as the theme engrossed him, . . . he saw a vision of his country threatened on one side by the red menace of the Bolshevik, on the other by the yellow menace of the Jap, and yet on another by the treachery of the Mexican and the slowly uprising might of the black man."

Mrs. Porter and Mr. Hearst ought to meet. They would just love each other, and together they could do so much more for the future peace of the world than they can by scattering their forces as now.

And for the following bit of girlish fun, we nominate Linda for the post of Supreme High Imperial Klucker of the Ku Klux Klan:

"If every home in Lilac Valley," she says in her winsome manner, "had at least six sturdy boys and girls growing up with the proper love of country and the proper realization of the white man's right to supremacy . . . where would be the talk of the yellow peril? You see what I mean?"

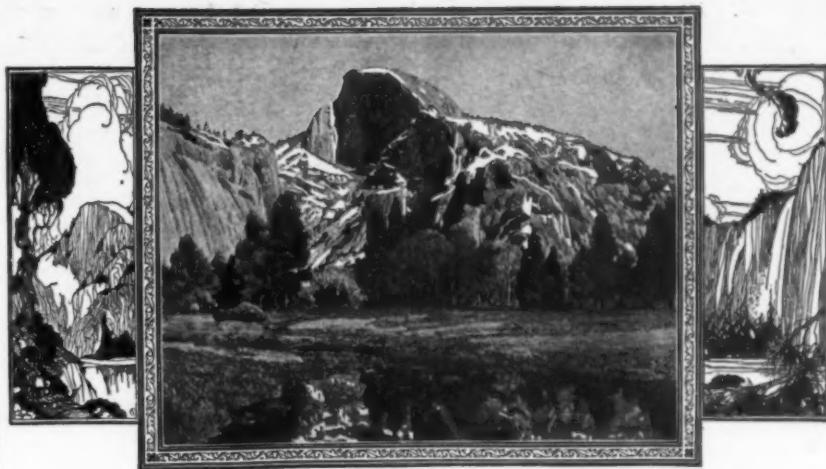
We certainly do see what you mean, Linda girl, and it is just what a little boy in Potsdam meant once when he wasn't much older than you, only for "white man's right to supremacy" he thought the books read "teutonic right to supremacy." And everything worked out just dandy for the little boy and for his country and for the whole world. And if you are a good girl, Linda pal, and grow up to an effective womanhood (God forbid!), you and your little playmates ought to make this just the bulliest, dearest, bestest old world to live in that could be imagined.

Robert C. Benchley.

A Firm Stand Needed

YOUNG WIFE: My husband likes your cooking, Delia, but he wants to know if you can make your toast a trifle thinner.

DELIA: Tell him no, ma'am, from both of us; why, if we'd be givin' in to him now, in six months there'd be no livin' with him.



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The National Parks of the nation are the wonderlands of the world. This year, more than ever before, the National Parks will appeal to nature lovers the world over. The Government and railroads are co-operating to make it possible for more Americans to view the glories of their own country.

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Abbreviato Costuma de Feminini
Create Fur-roar
Ettentic Citti, U.S. 1921.

BACHANTI BEAUTI end Diva Venuso performo abluzione en Ettentic carte blanco—bolde en brayzone.

Violente assembllo populi curio—inquisiti, necessitati policimo en life-guardino hold bacca mobbe 2000 masculini. Populi opposa batho inferenza, shouta: "Viva scanti attira!" Addressa canine tu attacka officeros, vocalize: "Sic 'em, scamper tyranti!" El puritano religious furioso, besechee officiale supprezzment carnale displai de anatomi parte leggio, alzo unnecessary exhibito de "Perfect 36." Uniti ministeri et all clergi, deplorebis unum suiti one-pieceamento. "Risque garmento dissemble morales publico via voluptuosi en leudissimo."

Bachanti Beuti en semi-nudi girleez escapade via hotelle apartamento midsta cheeri multitudi. Poleeze authoretti puzzlementot.

A Great Question Settled at Last

"I'm so glad you dropped in," said Mrs. Wickett to Aunt Jane, whose money was in first-mortgage real estate. "I want your opinion. I'm going to get the baby a new coat trimmed with pink."

"With pink? My dear, pink is not baby's color. It must be blue."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jane, but I can't think of him in blue. I thought, of course, you would prefer pink."

"Blue is the only color for baby."

"I'm quite sure it must be pink."

"Strange! You never did have any taste. Pink! How hideous! It's awful."

"I'm going to have pink."

"Well, have pink. I should think you'd suffered enough from not taking advice."

"It can't be anything else but pink."

"It's blue, or I'll never enter your house again."

"It's pink."

"Blue!"

"Pink!"

"Good-by!"

Later Wickett, trying to face the disaster with as much fortitude as possible, said:

"I guess you've done it this time, my dear."

"I simply had to," exclaimed his wife. "Do you suppose I'm going to have baby's future ruined for fifty thousand dollars?"

Identified

FIRST ROSEBUD: This morning's paper says there's a criminal wave in New York.

SECOND ROSEBUD: Yes, and I know just the hair-dresser they mean.



She: Oh, look! A four-leafed clover!

He: That? No, it's only al-falfa.

She: Idiot! What did you have to tell me for?

—Le Rire (Paris).

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